

*United States v. Hadden,*  
S2 20 Cr. 468 (RMB)

# EXHIBIT P

(Defendant's Poems and Emails (2014 to 2015))

EXHIBITS TO THE GOVERNMENT'S SENTENCING SUBMISSION

[REDACTED COPY]

Filed: June 20, 2023

**To:** jackie [REDACTED]  
**From:** Robert Hadden [rah1@columbia.edu]  
**Sent:** Tue 11/25/2014 11:38:33 PM (UTC)  
**Subject:** Re: Thanksgiving wishes

Dear Jackie,  
Thank you so much for keeping me in your thoughts. Despite all my troubles I too have much to be thankful for. My wonderful family and friends, and grateful patients like you whom have been so supportive. I know I have said it before but I can't stress enough how much your support & concern mean to me. You have truly touched my heart. In my darkest hours I just remember how many good people I have in my life & how truly blessed I am. I will not let the greed & betrayal of a few destroy me. Again thank you so much for your continued support & concern. I look forward to the day when I can thank you in person. Have a wonderful thanksgiving & a joyous holiday season.  
Fondly,  
Dr. H  
P.S. I would like to share with you a poem I wrote recently about why I went into Obstetrics & the joy it brought me. I will forward it to you in a separate email.

Sent from my iPhone

> On Nov 25, 2014, at 4:29 PM, jackie [REDACTED] wrote:  
>  
> Hi Dr Hadden  
> Every year at this time I like most take a moment to think about what I am thankful for. First thing that always comes to mind are my daughters which of course leads me to think of you and how you are doing.  
> How are you doing? I hope you are doing well and wishing you all good things in the year to come.  
> All the best  
> Jackie  
>  
> Sent from my iPhone

To: Anne [REDACTED]  
From: Robert Hadden [rah1@columbia.edu]  
Sent: Sat 1/10/2015 10:47:30 PM (UTC)  
Subject: Fwd: Happy Birthday Jersey!

Case 1:20-cr-00468-RMB Document 296-17 Filed 06/20/23 Page 3 of 5

Sent from my iPhone

Begin forwarded message:

**From:** [REDACTED]@aol.com  
**Date:** January 10, 2015 at 5 30 53 PM EST  
**To:** "rah1@columbia.edu" <rah1@columbia.edu>  
**Subject:** Fwd: Happy Birthday Jersey!

Sent from my iPhone

Begin forwarded message:

**From:** [REDACTED]@aol.com  
**Date:** January 9, 2015 at 7:58:48 PM EST  
**To:** [REDACTED]  
**Subject:** Happy Birthday Jersey!

Dear Anne,

I hope this email finds you well. Every year on Janie's birthday I think of you and your family including of course the "Birthday Girl", Jersey. I can't believe it's been 10 years. Even harder to believe it's been over 20 years since you changed our lives forever and for better when your recommended the breed, and Dick to us. Dear Brodie, I think of her so often and with great love. I've been reflecting a great deal about life lately. It's meaning, and what has truly impacted mine. Not to sound too corny or cliché I have realized it's all about the relationships and friendships I have been fortunate to have; and Brodie was the sweetest of companions. As Janie is now.

As you are aware our lives have been in turmoil for quite some time now. God's plan is hard to see sometimes but as they say God never gives you more than you can handle. I just wish he didn't trust me so much. I have been in therapy since the beginning and I am still struggling to understand. One of the treatments my therapist recommended was for me to keep a journal. I have the attention span of a gnat these days and knew I would be incapable of that. However I have always enjoyed poetry and found I could still read a poem or two without being distracted. I also found that I could write a poem about my thoughts and wrote my first this past July. I didn't pick up a pen again until October but I have found it to be a healing tool and have continued to write since then on a regular basis. Unfortunately I have a Poet's soul but not his pen.

The reason I bring this up is that I would like to share with you a poem I wrote about Janie. If Jersey is anything like her sister I think the poem will speak to you as well. I have also attached two others the poems I've written. One is about my life's calling; the other is about my situation. It was the first poem I wrote back in July. I hope that they speak to you as well. Please feel free to share them with Harlan and your family but I request that you do not share them publicly. For now they are my private thoughts and I have only shared them with family and a few close friends.

Again, I hope you are well and please give my best to Harlan, Charlotte, Will, Ben, Eve, and of course the birthday girl: Jersey! I wish you all a happy and healthy new year.

Love,

Bob

She finds no fault in me  
If I sleep in or nap all day  
If I feed her late or make her wait for walkies  
Or am skimpy with her treats  
Clean her ears or brush out her mats  
Forget to lavish her with attention  
Come home tardy  
Admonish her when she is naughty  
She holds no grudge  
No cold shoulder

Her tail is always wagging  
Her gentle paw reached out to me  
Her snout rests softly in my lap  
Or roots my hand to keep petting her when  
she is in her glory  
Her heart is as big as any of God's creatures  
And yet there is no room in it for anger  
or resentment  
She rests besides me quietly when I am sad  
and lonely  
She rises swift and eagerly when I get up  
Perhaps to take her on a journey  
She turns over on her back, so vulnerable  
and trusting  
For me to rub her belly  
And when I speak it's like from on the Mount  
She listens so intently  
She looks up to me with her soulful eyes  
She gives of herself so completely  
Wanting nothing more than a token of love  
or sign of my approval  
A look, a nod, a pat on her head or across  
her back  
A calming word; grateful for my kindness and  
the least attention  
She looks at me and I want to be the man she  
sees before her  
She finds no fault in me

Through God's Eyes  
O Lord how can I deny your existence  
I have seen the miracle of birth through Your eyes  
Delivered a child with Your hands  
Felt the joy and unconditional love of a newborn's parents with Your heart  
I have witnessed the only thing greater than Yourself and felt Your humility  
I have stood beside God and felt His glory

#### God's Plan

No dear friends, do not pity me  
God's plan is always hard to see  
The Devil's though is clear as rain:  
Question faith and suffer pain

Betrayal shakes you to your very core  
Easiest to label her insane or whore  
But others join: suggestion plants the seed  
Greed bleeds deep and leaves it's ugly stain  
Convince yourself it's true and there'd be much to gain

The Devil's advocates whisper seductively in their ears:  
You're not the first to make the claim  
He surely deserves the blame  
Despite every shadow filled with doubt  
Truth be damned, you must cry out!

No thought of the accused, his family, or his name  
Anxiety, depression, embarrassment, and shame  
A quarter of a century of good fortune  
Doing the Lord's work:  
Sharing in a parent's greatest joy  
And their deepest sorrow - far less often

God's plan is always hard to see  
It's not the first time He's trusted me  
At first, parents mourn a child's life not meant to be  
Now wonderment and joy for the man who fills our lives  
with love and glee

Soon enough, truth be told  
As facts unfold

Case 1:20-cr-00468-RMB Document 296-17 Filed 06/20/23 Page 5 of 5

Wrongs will be righted  
As family, friends, and grateful patients remain united  
Until then I thank God for all my blessings, true  
Forget my burdens  
And the greed and betrayal of a few